/162 cont./

773 [121] fixed, but frequently change faster than the mythology that reflects them.

In another myth of the Bororo the man surviving after the great inundation, which destroyed everything, populated the earth anew by means of marriage to a deer. For this [262] reason, today, in general, eating deer meat is avoided. [753] The Bororo believe that they would get sick if they ate [789] it. Only in very rare cases is the magic of a especially powerful bari capable of making this meat edible.

The Bororo told me: "There was a man who commanded the men, and a woman who commanded the women." The man was Baitogogo, the first and greatest chief and who has, [121] in the mythology, an important role as civilizer. This mythical division of the command between a man and a woman proves the complete social equality of the sexes.

562 In summary, one can say, concerning the social position of the woman among the eastern Bororo: it is true that the female sex is considered very different from the male one, but in general it is not considered either [113] inferior or superior to it. /A bibliography for the "Bororo [128] orientais" is given on pp. 323-324 in the original source; see the foreign text. The end plates that refer to the Bororo, 9-14, 16-24, follow/.

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765 At the same time, the remainder of the savage band break
775 forth instantly into a wild uproar, yelling and screaming, throwing up their hands, dancing and jumping in their mad, though mock efforts to drive the *bopi* into the village, suggesting a squad of men and boys trying to drive a herd of obstinate hogs. Suddenly, a horrible shriek rends the air just in advance of the materialized *bopi*. This appears to frighten them, for they turn and begin to creep away from the village. The drivers now become still more frantic, yelling and shrieking, bellowing, chattering and jumping fiercely. Soon, however, the *bopi* are again headed toward the village; and entering the path, all spring up suddenly on their *hind feet*, mount their horses—fellow savages—gallop into the village, dismount, and crouch around the mound where the body lies buried, and claw the earth slightly, as if about to unearth the remains. They now quietly retire, their part in the savage rites having ended for the day.

The soul representative, who had re-entered the village in
[789] advance of the *bopi* representatives, now seated himself astride of the grave, and the father of the deceased having crouched beside him, he performed over him some enchantments to route any evil spirit that might be threatening him, or to make him invulnerable to their assaults. This he did making passes over the bereaved man's head, and muttering and blowing in his mouth, nose and ears. Following this, the soul representative deposited all his rigging on the mound save the *pariko*, or fan of brilliant feathers that adorned his head.

765 We now witnessed the ceremony of the transference of the
768 personal effects of the deceased from this world to the spirit world, for the Bororó, in their peculiar way, believe firmly in "laying up treasures in heaven." A fire was kindled, around which the soul representative, accompanied by an adjutant, danced sidewise, stiff-legged, while each article that had belonged to the deceased was passed by the father to the adjutant, who, in turn, handed them to the soul representative, who cast them one by one into the fire until all were consumed. They were only a few dirty toys, some rude ornaments made

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795 825 262 golden color, and like to think that the spirits of their beloved dead dwell in the bodies of these fish. Nevertheless, they catch them in large numbers and eat them, believing that only the unusual individuals are inhabited by a *bopi*. But while they do not think that all the fish of any specie shelter lost souls in their bodies, they do think, seemingly, that every tapir, and every wild pig, and every alligator, and possibly every member of some other family of animals, shelters the shade of one or another of their departed tribesmen; and they never kill one of these creatures when a sorcerer is not within reach to exorcise the soul, for they dare not under any circumstances eat the flesh of such a creature until the sorcerer has cast out the soul. They believe that if they should eat of it, they would surely die. Doubtless the sorcerer would see to it that death resulted from such sacrilege; for if one should eat of such flesh and suffer no harm, like going to heaven without the aid of masses, the lucrative business of exorcising demons would come to naught, and the crafty sorcerer, like Demetrius and his crowd, would be ruined. This functionary always helps himself to the first and best cut from every carcass over which he performs his incantations to expell a demon. His fellow-tribesmen always treat him well, as they dread to incur his displeasure.

795 825 756 789 The ceremony of exorcising a *bopi* from the body of a fish, for instance, usually occurs late in the afternoon, and at the entrance to the hut of the sorcerer where the carcass has been deposited for this purpose. The sorcerer stands over the carcass, having his feet wide apart, arms uplifted and outstretched, entire body rigid and trembling violently, as if he had clonic spasms or convulsions, and face upturned toward the declining sun upon which he calls in a series of wild, maniacal yells. Following this, he relaxes somewhat and slaps the carcass rapidly and hysterically from end to end, uttering continuously strange noises, and finally, expectorates and blows into its mouth. This ceremony lasts but a few minutes.

241 262 756 789 Corn also appears to have some connection with the demons, or is under a *tabu*, for the Bororó will not, under any

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circumstances, eat corn from a field until a few ears have first been brought to the sorcerer that he may perform his incantations over them, biting into them, dog-like. After this, the corn from that field may be freely gathered and eaten without further ceremony.

The souls of the departed, the *bopi*, are believed also to haunt and plot evil against the living, who pass their days in almost constant fear, and even in terror, because of them. Every few days, one or another of these superstitious children of the wilds imagines he sees a ghost or spook skulking in the jungle, or some strange object or shadow, or peculiar movement of the branches of the trees, or hears an unusual or seemingly uncanny sound. In a frenzy, he hastens to report what he has seen or heard, and, instantly, the whole city of savagery is wildly excited. These spooks, or wandering souls are nearly always seen just as solemn, mysterious night is taking possession of the land. Sometimes, the scare is a pure invention of the sorcerer.

These sorcerers, or tribal priests, are not chosen or appointed by men, the Bororó say, but by the *bopi*. Their calling to the priestly office appears to be somewhat in this manner: Some day, a Bororó is taken with some kind of a fit, and the village sorcerer, is called in to declare the nature of the case, and to say if the patient will live or die. Having considered the matter cunningly, he may say to the family something like this: "Piadudu is in mortal combat with a *bopi*. If he surrenders to the demon he will become a sorcerer, but if he continues to resist, he will die." If Piadudu recovers, it is thought that he has given himself up to the *bopi*, and therefore fully qualified for the priesthood. But it seems to me that the certificate of priesthood lies largely in the ability of a Bororó to throw himself at will into a savage ecstasy or trance; or he may possess some powers of "mediumship," or metaphysical powers believed to emanate from the *bopi*, together with a good degree of native cunning and ready wit. These sorcerers are the most depraved men in the tribe. They are the bane of tribal life. They must nurture the illusion

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our hut, and immediately thereafter a horde of excited and frightened savages swarmed in upon us. The cause of their alarm was quickly explained to us: One of their number had imagined he saw the forms of strange men moving about mysteriously in the jungle near the village, which was interpreted by some of his fellows to mean that the soldiers were coming to attack and carry them away. At another time, apparitions of the dead were thought to have been seen; so the following day the natives solemnly and mysteriously prepared the *roarrrs* in order to frighten away the threatening evil.

It is partly, or chiefly, to pacify departed souls by honoring them and giving them a good send off, that the elaborate funeral ceremonies already described, occur. And the fact that nearly all the rites and ceremonies of the Bororó are observed for the pacification of demons is the reason why the ritual is so hideous and diabolical. Men whose gods are devils only, can have nothing but a devilish ceremonial.

As already stated, the Bororó, like the Karayá, entertain an anamistic conception of the world. They do not appear to have any idea of a good spirit, or good spirits. Attempting to translate the word God into their language, or to communicate to them in a small degree the thought that this word stands for, we had to make use of the words, *Bopi camakina pémégâre iruducâre*, which is literally, Spirit, greatest, good, without equal. But this is quite unsuitable for a permanent translation and a word for God would have to be transliterated, or a new word coined.

Mingling with the Bororó, one somehow gets the impression that perhaps they once had a conception of a good spirit. But, as the good spirits never did them any harm, nor threatened them with evil, while numerous evil spirits are constantly menacing them, they came naturally to devote so much attention to the latter that they long ago forgot all about the former. Thus they have degenerated in mind and heart, it would seem, with the result that in the whole outward expression of their lives, they have retrograded from a higher to a lower social and moral state.

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Brazil.

The sun, being the greatest force in nature known to them, is regarded as a sort of supreme being, or as the seat of supreme power. The sorcerers are believed to enjoy a kind of heaven after death, being exalted to an abode in the sun, calling to mind the heaven of the Incas; but the ordinary Bororó is doomed to wander in the lower regions.

Besides seeking to placate disembodied spirits, or demons, or "lay the ghost," the Bororó also seek to frighten them away from the abodes of the living. To accomplish this, they make use of a peculiar instrument that ethnologists call the *roarer*. The sound producer is a slab of wood about half an inch thick, three to six inches broad, one or two feet long, fish formed, and having black spots painted all over it. This is hung to a long cord which is secured to the end of a ten-foot rod; and to sound it, it is swung round and round over the head horizontally. As this slab swings it revolves rapidly upon its axis and emits a series of blood-curdling sounds that can be heard half a mile or more, varying from a loud, diapason, sepulchral moan to an unearthly shriek. This frightful and prolonged wail rises and falls in pitch according to the rapidity with which the instrument is swung, or according to its size. To hear the music (?) of an orchestra of these instruments, or rather, their awful, demoniacal shrieks and wails, gives one most unusual sensations, the remembrance of which can never be effaced. The uncanny feeling is intensified if heard, as I once heard it, while a tropical storm is raging; for the flashing of the lightnings, the ceaseless peal and roar and crash of the celestial artillery, the falling floods and the thickening gloom, played and displayed a terrible accompaniment to the unearthly music.

No female of the tribe, woman or child, is allowed to look upon this instrument under pain of death. The men appear to make new ones when occasion demands their use, and to burn them immediately after the occasion has passed. I entered the great hut once while they were preparing them for a funeral prelude. Profound silence was maintained, and the savages whispered mysteriously the word *bopi*. Certain

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2: Steinen--645 E,D-5 (1884, 1887-1888) 1894 SP7 Bacairi

Plate XXX

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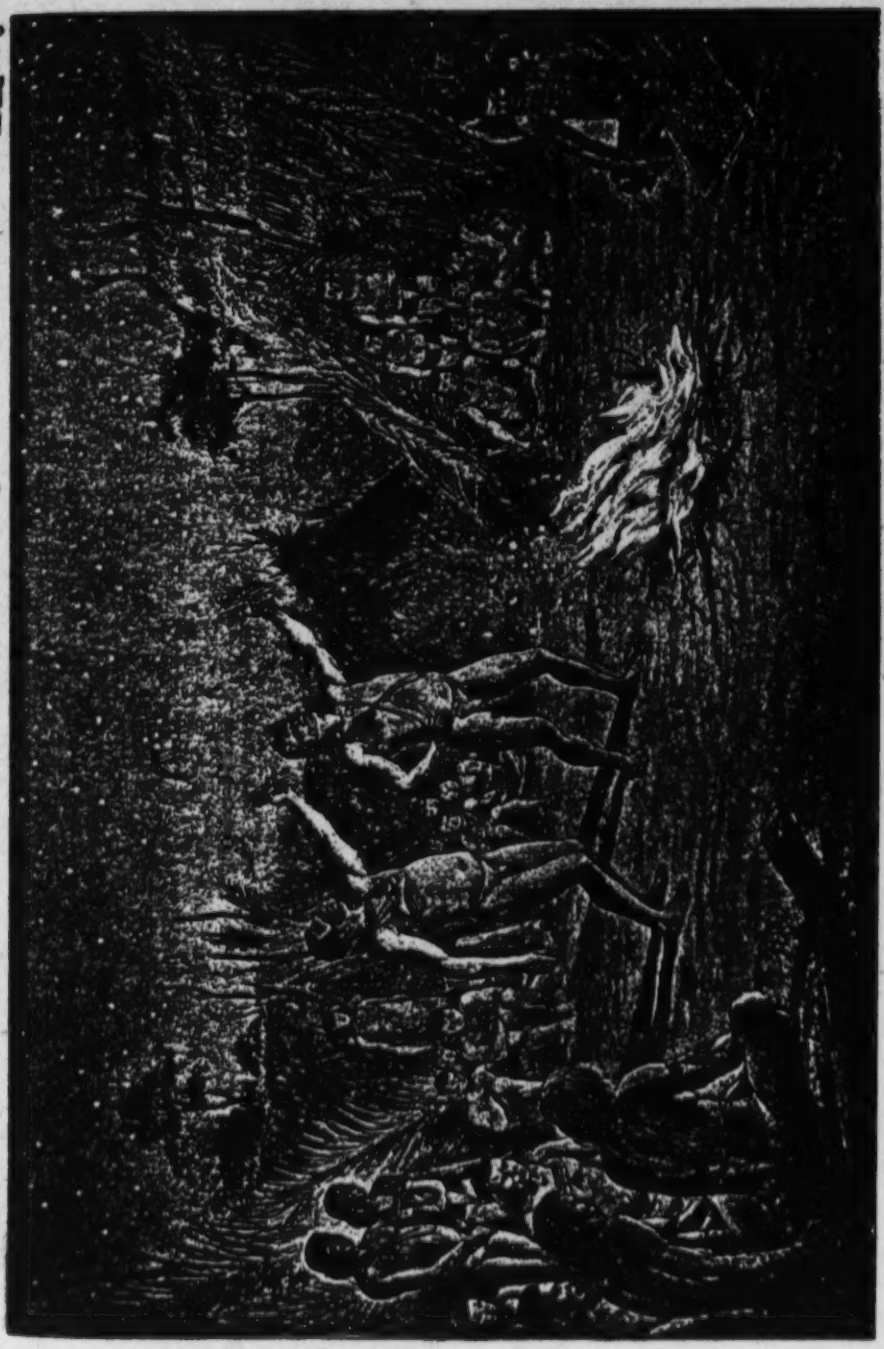

Meteor-conjuration among the Bororó.

/514 cont./

821 thing, however, perfect agreement prevailed, and this was most amazing to me. The ordinary stars not included in particular constellations, scattered over the sky as small and large dots, which one also sees streaking across the firmament as shooting stars, were all sand fleas; the Milky Way where they are most closely crowded together was ashes, and Venus the "large sand-flea."

[772] As among the Bakaïrí, the underlying interpretation is that the heavenly animals get up there by magic and differ in their appearance from terrestrial creatures; for as soon as some particular phenomenon appears, the bari is ready with an explanation. The large colorful water-snake which we call "rainbow" is a bari. A splendid meteor that fell during our stay was the "soul of a bari" which suddenly appeared in order to inform the Bororó that he wanted to have "jaguar meat" and that he would send one of them dysentery. The scene in which they tried to ward off the disaster merits a detailed description. Cf. Plate 30 /see p. 645/.

The meteor flared up in the south on 14 April at 8:26 in the evening as a ball about a quarter of the size of the moon; there was a bright glow over the entire area. It fell very rapidly in 45° towards the west and left a streak approximately the width of four heavenly fleas of the first magnitude and was divided into two parts like a staff, the free end gleaming like a star, the area toward the ball a brilliant blue. For another four minutes I seemed to see the streak, which was fading more and more, as a bright whitish mist.

821 789 At the same moment that the meteor became visible a shrill, prolonged cry of a hundred voices resounded from the Indian plaza. From all sides they rushed to the ranchão, where for a while there was a commotion inside and out as in a stirred-up ant hill. Then they turned to the part of the plaza facing the riverbank, started a few campfires, and soon numerous small, fantastically illuminated groups of men, women, and children were sitting along the huts. I had gone off to one side for a few minutes and was called back by a loud uproar. Two baris painted bright red with urucú stood in the midst of the company and, in

/514 cont./

821 great excitement, were puffing in all directions toward the sky,
●789 squirting a little saliva from their lips, much as the Kulisehu Indians had driven away the thunder clouds. They were trembling and tottering so that one feared they would fall to the ground in
[276] a faint. Then they turned toward the place where the meteor had appeared, screamed vué! vué! with a threatening, terrified voice, pressing the hollow of the right hand to the mouth, stretched the left arm toward heaven, and each held up a bundle of span-long maize cigarettes. "Here, look at this," they seemed to say, "all /515/ this tobacco we are spending to drive away the evil. Woe to you, if you do not leave us in peace!"

[152] A strange mixture of fear and courage, the latter, unfortunately, being tinged with something just as artificial as on the occasion of the exorcism of the Kayapó danger. The trembling increased, their entire bodies vibrated, their bent-back heads wobbled, they touched themselves with twitching movements and passed their hands over their chests and stomachs in order to force away everything evil.

[276] After this spectacle had gone on for a while, their cigar bundles were taken out of their hands and lighted at the fire while the excited doctors, whimpering and shuddering, caught their breath for a moment. Half a dozen men got up, took a few puffs for comfort and strength, and gave the cigars to the baris, who resumed their cure. They puffed at the whole bundle, howled even more shrilly and reproachfully toward heaven than before, stroked their bodies even more assiduously, scratched their heads vigorously, puffed at their bundle once more, sucked convulsively at their forearms as though they were drawing the blood up from the depths, cried vué vuáu vuáu ever louder, shook themselves and blew toward the stars; their joints shook, their muscles flew.

[755] Finally, they suddenly began to look searchingly about them in the throng, talked to those standing nearest them, pointed into the crowd, and joined the main group where they undertook a brief cure of a weak old man, the chief Domingo, and several of the most esteemed who alone could be involved in such a special case. They lifted up their heads, looked at them

/515 cont./

821 searchingly, squirted into their faces, pzũ pzũ, and, with the
789 hollow of their hands held against their mouths, again uttered their threatening vőu or a shrill hahahó, not forgetting to smoke up their bundle as they did so. The chorus had in general remained grave and quiet; only now and then did it break out in a one-part huhá and now triumphantly repeated it at the end as the two doctors, teeth chattering and murmuring a shivery tédede tedéte, retired. Arőe singing was heard all night long.

[276] The tobacco smoke had been used here in exactly the same way as the puffing against the thunderstorm, and I gained the impression that the doctor's smoking was very similar to a fumigation. Perhaps, for the original meaning of the method of curing, this should not be underestimated.

755 Domingo had an attack of weakness two days after the meteor conjuration. On the third day, 17 April, he was ill and apparently had a very ominous feeling. He crept about anxiously, his hands tied up in rags and his head and face covered so that he would not be recognized. Since we left the colony on 18 April we were unfortunately unable to find out whether this remedy helped him.

773 Ancestor legend. Arigá-Bororó is the tribal ancestor of the Indians. He had a wife. The puma is called arigá. Later, two men and two women came /516/ to the earth east of the baruparu river (cf. page 646) and reached the S. Lourenço. I was unable
[124] to learn anything more. Clemente was quite useless here; he himself did not know anything and, on the basis of his knowledge of Brazil, interpreted those statements as meaning that the Bororó came from Rio de Janeiro. As far as I was able to understand, the Bororó lived on the source rivers of the S. Lourenço since the time they left heaven, and this origin from the east has nothing to do with tribal migrations, but is again only the result of the very natural reflection that the sun was in the possession of the oldest people and that the oldest people therefore lived where the sun originates.